

BYPASS

Three days ago Jane called
& said Al was going in
for a triple bypass.
It seemed sudden to us
& scary. Jane didn't sound
worried & neither did Al,
but connection from hospital
was bad & his voice sounded
weak. What could we do?
Not much except hope & pray
& wait for Jane's next call.
Today I talked to him on
phone & surprisingly he
sounded like his regular
self: strong, thoughtful, in
control. Tomorrow I'll drive
over to see him, offer
congratulations, pretend
it's nothing serious &
could never happen to me.

NEVER TOO LATE TO SCORE

Having shot 22 pistol
erratically for hour
& a half felt it was
time to drive home, feed
the dogs but decide to
try one last target &
nailed nine solid tens,
last bullet just breaking
nine ring for a slow
fire 99, just one point
shy of perfection.
Gave me a high
right up there with
my first French kiss.

BANK IT

I'm happiest when I'm
absorbed in writing,
making love with my wife
or shooting well
with a handgun.
Illuminating conversation
with friends is

right in there.
So was teaching
when germinating ideas
flowed both ways.
Sometimes lately I
fill with joy
for no good reason.
But I'll take it.
Bank it for
a down day.

GUIDANCE

Searching for a home
in Sierras east of
Sacramento Pat was
visited by my mother
who died last December.
Driving back to valley
Pat said she felt Mom's
presence & believed she
guided us to a beautifully
treed & landscaped half
acre with a well kept
ranch style house on it.
This totally surprised me.
Pat doesn't operate
like that. She always
keeps both feet planted
in tangible reality ...
but I wouldn't put
it past my Mom.

WAITRESS

At a little coffee
shop in Torrance
I asked our Mexican
waitress if she'd
teach me Spanish.
She took one look
at my pretty wife
& said you won't
be here long enough.
Watch Spanish soap
opera on tv,
that's how I learned
to speak English.